

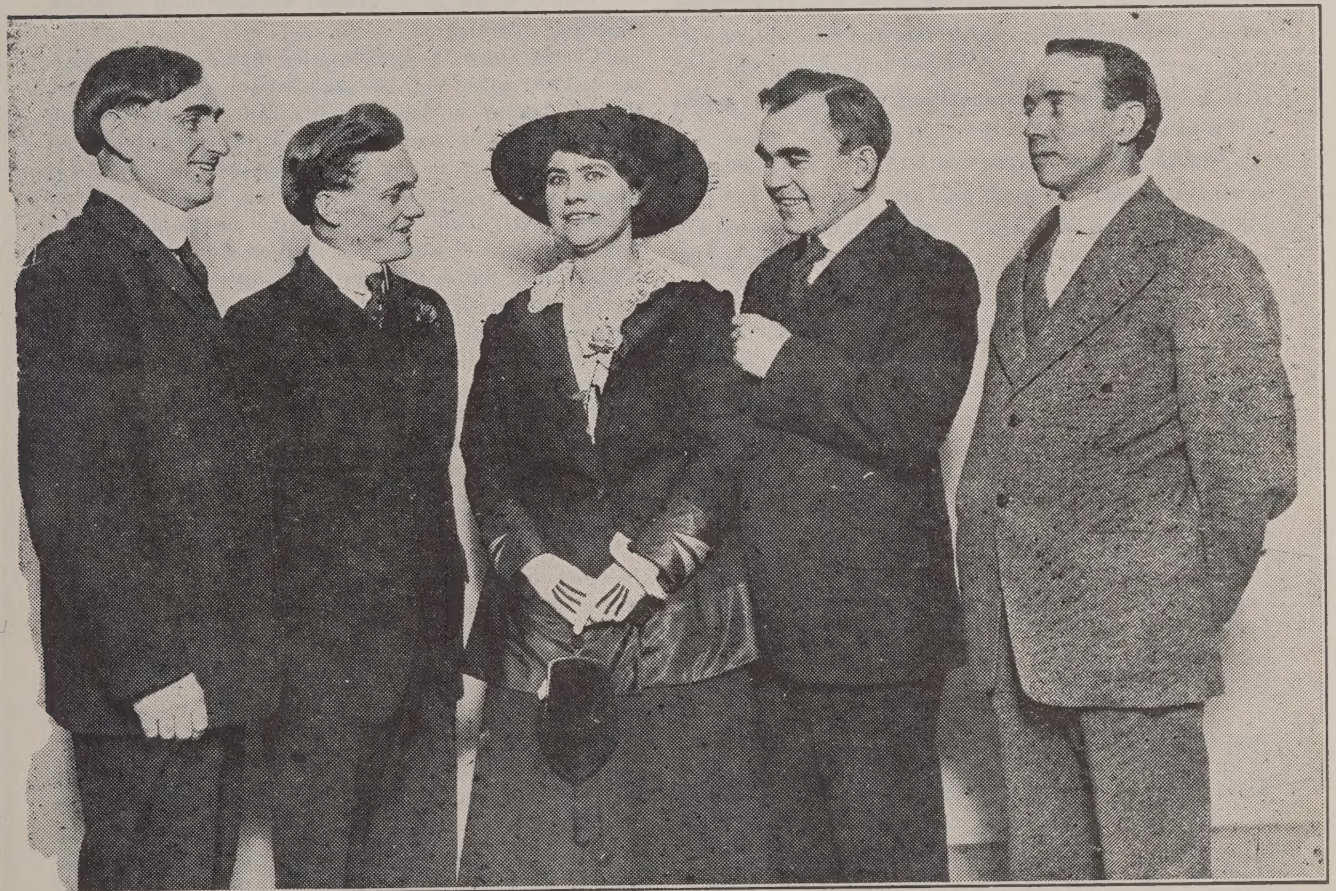
THE BLAST

LYDIA GIBSON

Vol. I

SAN FRANCISCO, DECEMBER 1, 1916.

No. 22



"Don't you think that if we can keep the names of the private detectives out of this and make the public believe that the regular authorities worked up the case, we can hang Billings and then get Tom Mooney, the man we want?"—Words of Martin Swanson, detective for the Public Utilities Protective Bureau.

Rusty Justice

THE "professional jury system" is a thing of the past in San Francisco. A lawyer resorted to direct action—and the whole thing vanished in smoke. Attorney Edwin V. McKenzie had fought a couple of hard battles for a client, getting only hung juries, and was going to trial the third time, when he found himself confronted by the same jury panel by the use of which the innocent Billings was sent to a living death. This was too much. McKenzie "blew up." The lawyer became human and took that most effective of all human actions, the direct action of simply refusing to take his client to trial before the famous "Billings butchers." He might have "made a motion" or "filed a writ" or otherwise taken a polite lawyer's way of dodging things, but he didn't. The lawyer refused to respect the pretense that the court house corridor vagrants were a jury, and was sentenced to jail himself—but wiped the professional jury system off the books by his direct action. For the whole city is aroused.

The public sees a mountain one atom at a time. It sees now, in San Francisco, the tiny truth that the professional jurymen are ghouls. Perhaps later some big human being, by a like direct defiance, may make the public see that a judge, too, is a ghoul—every judge. And the breaking light may illuminate more of the scene; not only jury and judge, but jailor and lawyer may show in all their ghastly significance, till men will understand that the whole machine of State is one vast crime that but fathers the little crimes. It will be a bright day when man ceases to believe in the beast-god, Punishment, and his church, The State.

But, to come back to earth.

It is a very little favor to ask the public intelligence, to request them to understand that the *hired witness* system is a crime unspeakable. Perhaps the minds of the San Francisco public could be induced to go that little step further, now that they have aroused to the professional juror.

A few years from now, people will listen in amazement to the statement that witnesses were actually allowed to appear in court and swear against a defendant's life when the witness had a **money interest** in shaping his testimony to convict the defendant. The mere statement of it ought to be enough to convince an intelligent reader of its wrong. But if more is needed, a glance at how the thing worked out in the Billings case, should close the argument. Not one disinterested or reputable person gave a word of testimony against Billings. Not one of the important witnesses but has been caught red-handed as a police "stool" with a criminal record ranging from watch-stealing to murder indictment, and *hired for the occasion* to testify against the defendants. No reflection is meant upon the few decent persons who testified to trivial matters,

such as weather conditions on the fateful day, but a reflection is meant against the district attorney who paraded a few credible persons through the trial for the purpose of putting a decent admixture into his jumble of opium-friends, sneak-thieves and red-light professionals.

The point is that it is openly, publicly a custom to **hire witnesses**. Nobody even denies it; offers of large sums of money are published in blazing headlines, money to be paid for the conviction of *anyone* for a crime.

Does anybody contend that an honest man needs to be *paid* for telling the truth? On the other hand, would you be willing to take a chance on having \$17,000 offered to anybody in this big city who would be willing to take your life by falsely swearing in court, with full protection and praise for doing it?

Detectives are going around hawking such "business offerings for perjurers."

Charles Organ, a man convicted three times of forgery, was recently added to the string of state's witnesses against Mooney, taking the place of Mrs. Kidwell, who lost her job as witness by writing an indiscreet letter telling of the price she was to get for her testimony. Organ was said to have been given \$500 by Tom Mooney to "blow up the Liberty Bell." (There is no use to laugh; such stuff goes in this case, for it is used on the side of Capital against Labor men.) Charles Organ says he wrote several letters denying the story, but the letters were stolen by some officer of the law. Organ finally got a communication out to an attorney for Billings and gave the following statement:

"When I was arrested in Los Angeles two detectives came to me and asked if I knew Mooney. I said 'no.' They said, 'Oh, yes, you do; he's the preparedness parade bomb man.' Then they dictated the Liberty Bell story—how Mooney had given me \$500 to blow up the relic, how I had got scared, dumped explosives out of a suitcase at the beach and left the suitcase in Market street, filled with bricks. The detectives told me they'd see I got off light on the check charge if I stuck to the bell story, and they said I'd get a piece of the \$17,000 rewards in the bomb case. In San Francisco I refused to identify Mooney. I'd never seen him. They brought him out alone, and detectives prompted me, but I wouldn't identify him."

So proceeds the heart-breaking farce. These witnesses have been brought to the light of day, and are discredited. But who knows what other poison is being brewed for Mooney in the dark? "Hyena" Fickert is king of the kingdom of thugs and can produce a new one for every one unmasked. What new perjury is the Chamber of Commerce gold buying for the Mooney trial?

People of San Francisco, do you really think you ought to let witnesses be openly, publicly *hired*?

Is there a judge in San Francisco who will keep his court a little above the level of the house in which Estelle Smith was arrested in Los Angeles, by refusing to let *hired witnesses* hold sway?

Professional Jurors

A STORM of popular indignation against the "professional jury" is on in San Francisco. The rank injustice of the conviction of Billings, by a professional jury of retired business men, on the direct plea of their master's voice, made by Assistant District Attorney Brennan, that they bring in such a verdict as would allow the State to uncover the real criminals was "the straw that broke the camel's back."

There has been an abundance of wind turned loose on the subject of the "Jury," most of which is very tame and lady-like as befits the average citizen's regard for his own liberties. Everybody "passes the buck," first to the dear "System," then to the judges, then to the politicians, and then back to the people.

Let us have courage and lay it where it belongs, on the State, the government, the police power.

The trouble with citizens today is that they bow down and worship everything that spells "John Law." The right of the Writ of Habeas Corpus has never been so disregarded as it is today. Blood has flowed freely in Everett, Washington, to preserve the right of free speech, and this, mind you, in our day.

How weak and namby-pamby sound the modern mouthings about the "trial by jury" when compared with the thoughts expressed by the famous American Jurist Lysander Spooner in his great legal work, "Trial by Jury," in the 1840's. Listen to him and take heart!

"The trial by jury is a trial by the country—that

is, by the people—as distinguished from a trial by the government.

"The object of this trial by the country, or by the people, in preference to a trial by the government, is to guard against every species of oppression by the government. In order to effect this end it is indispensable that the people, or the country, judge of and determine their own liberties against the government, instead of the government's judging of and determining its own powers over the people. How is it possible that juries can do anything to protect the liberties of the people against the government, if they are not allowed to determine what those liberties are?

"To secure this right of the people to judge of their own liberties against the government, the jurors must be taken from the body of the people, by lot, or by some process that precludes any previous knowledge, choice, or selection of them, on the part of the government. This is done to prevent the government's packing a jury with a view to maintain its own laws and accomplish its own purposes."

The voice of Authority is ever growing louder and bolder and all over our land their new cry is an echo of the old one, "the dead to the dung heap, the living to the scaffold."

The watchword of all classes of people in this, our day of "Laws," should be: "Resist aggression and preserve all our liberties and demand *more* liberties."

Art and Revolt

Sadakichi Hartmann

EVERY true artist is a revolutionist by instinct, by special endowments, by necessity. His talents, no matter in what direction they may exert and propagate themselves, are always exceptional. This in itself constitutes revolt, as the public bent on enjoyment without study or meditation, will accept willingly and cheerfully only the conventional and traditional in exchange for monetary recompense.

Then there are domestic relations. Comparatively few artists have escaped excommunication from their own parental hearth and ancestry, and if they are foolish enough to attempt to choose a playmate and build a family tree of their own, in most cases they share the fate of Socrates or the inmates of a deaf-mute asylum. The domestic revolt of carrying the latch key in one's pocket at all hours of the night is as bitter as the fight for the Ideal when the larder is empty and the children in need of underwear.

Of course Genius, dark, gaunt figure sharply silhouetted against the grey background of imbecility and greed, stalks on. Every step is one of conquest and disdain.

The artist who lives, survives, and "does" is entrenched most of his life; he takes part in many skirmishes,

carries the torn flag of beauty and liberty through the firing lines to summits far beyond the fighting crowds.

Rubens with his wonderful virility and technical dexterity, expressing an outburst of joy in living, unparalleled in the history of art except in Titian or Franz Hals, did more to deliver humanity from the clutches and throes of feudalism, and the despotism of Pope and Emperor than all the reformatory aspirations of advanced thought, which in the Renaissance, as well as today, was always of a tentative and dilettante character.

The revolt of artists may be on strictly esthetic lines, it may be even strictly technical, but as long as art is the reflection of the higher aspirations of the "play-instinct" in life in its finest expression, each accomplishment in the domain of art means an activity towards a finer equilibrium, a more just balancing of the scales, a separation of finer thoughts and emotions from the every day sediments of dirt, ignorance and selfishness. And any superior energy, expression of ability, even aspirations towards the same, mean revolt. Revolt that hates the commonplace, that attacks the unjust, that batters down the dungeon gates of prejudice and arrogance, and tries to make this short span of life saner, more tolerable, more independent and beautiful.

THE BLAST

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Reflections

The Battle Line

IN an enormous arc from New York, through the Iron Range of Minnesota, touching with a scarlet stain the city of Everett, Washington, through San Francisco to Los Angeles—stretches the fighting trench of the war of Labor.

The battle line of France, "from Switzerland to the Sea," is not so important as this, nor will the war endure so long.

In New York, a peculiarly fortunate stupidity on the part of one Shonts, head of the traction corporations, has resulted in throwing the labor situation on subway, elevated and surface lines into startling clarity. The brazen greed of the corporations, and particularly their willingness to lie and betray, has caused Labor to rouse in New York as it seldom roused before. There has been serious talk of a general strike, or what is better, a "Social General Strike"—in the great city! It does not matter very much in the long run, just how the laurels of victory fall in the day's fighting—but it does matter very much that this idea has been brought out in mountain prominence. The persistent propaganda of the direct action agitator put the seed in the soil, and the soil had to grow it in the very nature of things. There is now a bigger idea of "The Strike" for Labor to think upon, and a bigger fright for the New York brand of aristocracy to tremble under.

* * *

IT seems as though there were a monster God of Evil hovering above this land of ours, so shaping things as to bring all of Labor's battles at one time and to make it impossible to do aught but surrender. The resources of conscious strugglers against tyranny are taxed to the limit just now. "Money! Money! Money!" comes the cry from everywhere.

Perhaps it is not a god of evil, after all, but rather a good one, that bids fair to make it impossible to fight as we have, in sordid channels of Capitalism, with nauseating truckling to the courts we don't respect through lawyers whose profession we despise. Possibly it will drive us yet to nobler defiance and less hypocrisy.

Mesaba Iron Range

THE billionaires who give stock shares as dinner-party favors in New York are crushing with their long, sinewy arm of hirelings, the life of Labor in the Mesaba Iron Range in far-off Minnesota. The struggle is a bitter one there, and the lives of Carlo Tresca and seven others are demanded by the steel magnates who wax rich with the sales of a million murder machines for Europe—and who charge Tresca and his comrades with *killing a man*. The man was killed by a gunman in the employ of the steel trust, and most of the eight defendants were fifty miles away at the time, but—are you fool enough to think that justice has anything to do with courts?

To anyone who knows Sam Scarlett, Joe Schmidt and Carlo Tresca, this is a fight to stir the deepest anger of the soul, and those arrested with them must be built of the same timber, for it is always the *best* that are chosen for slaughter.

Do everything in your power for these men.

Everett, Washington

DID you ever hear of the party of 3,000 Southern gentlemen who lynched a disgraceful mob of one negro man and his wife? What is a mob, anyway? A mob is *the other side*. When the newspapers speak of a mob, they mean a group of persons whom the newspaper's owners consider enemies. A group of their friends will pass by the name of "Chamber of Commerce," or, at worst, "vigilantes," even though they go through the exact motions of a mob.

The newspapers announced that "a mob of I. W. W.'s" had been shot to pieces by a "posse of citizens" of Everett, Wash. What was the truth of it?

The I. W. W.'s were coming into the town on their own business, peaceably to be conducted. Some of them had been there before and found the dark streets infested with gentle business men with guns and slung-shots in their pockets, and

had gotten beaten up. So, on their return, they corrected a former oversight by putting a box of guns on the ferryboat for their protection.

They were right. A thug, or a sheriff (according to your point of view), met the ferry at the head of a multitude armed to the teeth. The chief of the gang announced their intention of assaulting the ferryboat load of men, women and children, and drew his gun.

The I. W. W.'s protected themselves as best they could, but were outnumbered five to one, inadequately armed and held in the middle of the river on the boat as a perfect target; so the tragedy of seven deaths in their ranks is offset by only two in the ranks of the mob.

Now, of course, comes the masquerade under the title of a trial for crime. What a pity it is that every splendid human act of revolt against wrong should have to wind up in a stuffy den of hypocrisy! Some day it will be different. The soldiers in the European armies at least get honor and credit for their courage, along with their imprisonment or death. The soldier of the greater cause—Human Progress—gets but dishonor for his greater courage.

Los Angeles, California

DAVID CAPLAN has a chance to win his case in Los Angeles. If he loses, it will probably be because he has not had the few paltry dollars necessary to marshal a defense. The city of Otis is concentrating profuse yellow gold to crush this penniless worker. All of the old machinery is working against him. A picturesque light is thrown upon the methods of courts by an old professional jurymen. The pathetic fellow confided to a stranger in the courthouse corridor that he had been outrageously deprived of a job on the Caplan jury. He did not know that his confidant was a friend of Caplan.

Friends are asked to do anything they can for the Caplan defense. A few dollars sent to Katherine Schmidt, room 201 Labor Temple, Los Angeles, California, may mean the difference of freedom or conviction.

San Francisco, California

THE battle at San Francisco centers now about Tom Mooney. The case is postponed to January 4th. We must use that time, however, working as we never worked before.

It is amusing to see the dignity of the San Francisco police department exemplified by a middle-aged officer in uniform actually making faces like a child at a passerby, whom he recognized as active in the defense of Billings. So intense is the desire of the whole army of gunmen in and out of uniform to land their prey that large numbers of them infest the corridors of the court to heckle and threaten friends of the defense, in the hope of forcing an opportunity for arrests. Two policemen, upon Mooney's recent appearance in the court, approached a friend of Mooney's in the corridor, and after asking numerous impudent and insulting questions, informed him that they would "arrest him if they ever found him anywhere he didn't belong."

There are some people who think that peace is kept by policemen.

An Army of 100,000

RESPONDING to the call for labor loyalty, the tremendous body of New York workers, the United Hebrew Trades, is to hold a mass meeting in Carnegie Hall, New York City, Saturday night, December 2nd, in the interest of the defense of the Mooneys, Weinberg, Nolan and Billings, framed up on dynamite charges by the San Francisco labor haters.

Frank P. Walsh, Max Eastman, Emma Goldman, Max Pine (Secretary United Hebrew Trades), Arturo Giovannitti and Alexander Berkman will speak. A splendid meeting it will certainly be, for a richer subject or a better group of nationally famous speakers could not be found in America.

The United Hebrew Trades is going to give its financial support to the defense of the San Francisco labor men. This means a wonderful addition to the strength of the battle line. That a lawyer of national fame is giving his services purely for the sake of Justice, surely furnishes an inspiring example to Labor throughout the nation.

In years to come, the San Francisco cases will serve as a landmark of history. All men will then know that the cause was a good one. It is to blot out forever the stain on America that was left by the Haymarket executions—to stop the brutal license of hanging labor agitators on fantastic conspiracy pretenses.

Those labor unions who now come to the fore will be on the roll of honor. The Chicago Labor Council and the United Hebrew Trades will stand high on that roll as bodies eager to do their part though many hundreds of miles distant from the scene.

Two Hundred and Twenty-five Dollars

HAVE you ever been in prison? Have you ever spent your every twenty-four hours of your every day for years in the iron-bound sea of cruelty called "jail"? And that for merely speaking the simple truth from an honest heart?

That is the fate that awaits the Magon Brothers, for the lack of \$225.

Enrique Flores Magon and Ricardo Magon are needed outside. Upon them has fallen the hardest task of keeping the real light of liberty burning in Mexico. Enrique told me not long ago, "It used to be that the work depended on us; but now there are others trained to do it and it does not matter much if we go to prison."

This is one of the few things about which I am sure Enrique Magon is mistaken.

By the use of \$500 an appeal can be taken from that machine of injustice, the lower court. The higher court is another machine of injustice, but the point is that long, long months or years will be taken in the appeal, and meantime Ricardo and Enrique will be working, working for Land and Liberty for the Mexican people.

Two hundred and seventy-five dollars has been obtained. Two hundred and twenty-five dollars more **MUST BE HAD QUICK**. After December first, it would be too late.

Bourke Cockran

HUMAN nature is bigger than any theory that the brain can conceive. It is well that this is so—else all wisdom would have been written long ago and brains would have nothing more to do but memorize.

A big human heart has stepped from the beaten path. Bourke Cockran, greatest member of the New York bar, brilliant orator and fighter for Ireland's independence, is coming to San Francisco to battle for the Mooneys, Nolan, Weinberg, Billings and—simple justice. The papers say that he is doing it without compensation, though one of them hesitates to believe such a thing possible. It is an "unheard-of" thing, but unheard-of things happen. Bourke Cockran is certainly coming. As he is reported to be a millionaire, accustomed to fees of many thousands of dollars for any case he would touch—and as these defendants are workmen unable to scrape together more than a few hundred dollars—how could it be otherwise than true that he is coming without pay? Dust off your theories! Human nature is at work.

Let all get in and support this big man who is doing a big thing. Let's stop this lynching in San Francisco of four men and a woman on the pretense of a crime of which they know nothing. We know that the real reason for their prosecution is their labor agitation, to some of the tactics of which some people objected—but it is *not* that affair on Market street for which they are being prosecuted.

We all make mistakes that we must correct. Let ALL of Labor get behind those four men and one woman now, and fight out any difference of tactics when the hideous farce of a prosecution is ended.

A Frame-Up

THAT there could exist a man so vile as to plot to send another to prison for a dirty little reward, is too repulsive a thought for some minds to accept. We in the labor struggle often meet with that difficulty—people can't believe that such baseness is common. It is pretty bad, and yet, not only is it done every day in every city in the world, as a matter of the petty routine of the police courts, but we state that it is a common, universal custom to **HANG** men for a money reward. This happens year in, year out, in the silent, secret caverns that underlie society. Unseen, and understood by even those who participate in it (for what rat knows that he lives but in a hole?), the life of the under-city seethes. Nearly the whole of the drama is concealed from view by the conventions of court and newspaper and by the stupid tendency to believe nothing that comes from another source. So the mock men stalk and mock women drift through unreal life, shallow-pated through long restriction of vision—and beneath all the superficialities lies the brutal actuality, putrid for lack of sunlight.

An old man was sent to prison the other day for placing odor-bombs in non-union restaurants. Now it is discovered that an odor-bomb was placed in the old man's pocket by the very detective who "found" it on him later. R. Porter Ashe, respectable attorney for the Chamber of Commerce, is indignant. That a detective should thus "frame up" an innocent old man for the

\$500 reward offered by the Chamber of Commerce, is outrageous, and the poor victim shall be freed at once.

Now, R. Porter Ashe, we want to tell you something and we want you to listen to it carefully. That old man is not being freed because he is innocent. Is he? If it had been a union waiter that was framed up, would he get off? Think about this carefully.

Now we will tell you the real reason why the old man is let off. It is because he is a *remittance man* from England. That is, he belongs to the shabby petty aristocracy and is not a working-man. That is the reason; don't pretend that it isn't. Besides, it saves the Chamber of Commerce the \$500 reward, which there is no use to spend if you can't "get" a labor man.

Detective Patterson can't put one over on the Chamber of Commerce. If he had just caught a member of the Cooks and Waiters' Union, it wouldn't have been a frame-up, and he would have gotten his reward, and no questions asked. **AND YOU KNOW IT, Mr. R. Porter Ashe.**

Do you remember the time the frame-up was thwarted in Stockton, when a labor man got his gun first and held up the employers' thug that came to kill him, and the confession of Emerson that dynamite was to be "found" in the possession of union leaders?

Let us suppose for a moment that you are sincere about it, Mr. Ashe. You have caught your detective Patterson. *Now look up your detective Swanson; scrutinize him a bit.*

Some "frame-ups" are for six months, and some are for Death on the gallows.

The Potency of Ideals

Enrique Flores Magon met and talked to a small group of writers and social workers the other evening in San Francisco. He told them in his simple, gracious way the facts about the Mexican situation. He pictured for them feelingly the future of the Mexican Anarchist Communists' plan, already partly attained. The impressive silence following was broken by a Wilson-suffragist-wail—"A beautiful dream—but so impractical." And by an editor's sigh: "There is no hope for the human race."

But there is hope for the human race when we have men like the Brothers Magon—men who risk their lives for their ideals.

Ideals are a potent factor in the progress of humanity. The love of freedom, the passion for independence and well-being are inherent tendencies. To stimulate these into active operation is not "impractical." Men and women fight for ideals with greater enthusiasm and abandon than for their bread and butter. It is up to us, the intelligent rebels, to imbue humanity with new ideals, worthy to fight and die for, more worthy to live for: the ideal of Brotherhood versus hate, of Solidarity versus slaughter, of well-being in freedom versus misery in chains.

Defense Fund San Francisco Labor Prisoners

Per Alexander Berkman

Total collected to November 1st.....	\$1,583.95
Subscription List, per S. Sharpman, Boston, Mass.	\$ 5.45
Anarchist Group, New York City, per Frank Mandese	75.00
Subscription List, per Pauline Wolpert, Los Angeles, California	13.35
Cronaca Sovversiva, per M. Centrone, San Francisco	54.11
I. W. W., Brawley, California, per J. S. Furey....	1.00
Per J. Kabinell, Wichita, Kansas.....	20.50
Paul Jurk, San Francisco	1.00
Per Lucy Robins, Chicago	113.66
	284.07
	\$1,868.02
Previously turned over to the Defense by Alexander Berkman	\$1,583.95
To Prisoners	\$ 25.00
Per Robert Minor, Treasurer	259.07
	284.07
	\$1,868.02

Nov. 22d—Total amount turned over to the Defense.

Carranza's Doom

Enrique Flores Magon

CARRANZA'S present position could not be more untenable. At Vera Cruz he succeeded in fooling into his ranks thousands of workers by his promises of social, political and economic emancipation. With his *regime*, the Social Revolution was to begin. The toilers went gladly to lay down their lives in the battlefield to place this Messiah into power, but once in power the rank politician forgot all his promises.

As soon as he found himself securely in the presidential chair as the *de facto* government, backed by Wall Street, Carranza thought himself strong enough to subdue and drown in blood the aspirations of the Mexican people to emancipate themselves, and began to persecute the very men that had helped him climb into power. His persecutions reached their climax with the decree of August 1, 1916, by which the workers were given the death penalty for daring to strike. Over forty workers have already been shot down.

Such brutalities, aggravated by decrees of the death penalty for slight offenses and petty larceny, have taken the bandage from the eyes of the workers. They are no longer blinded by the farcical radicalism of Carranza. They realize now the *real* Carranza, and such knowledge has created a strong reaction against this tyrant. Hence, the perilous position of the so-called First Chief, who now finds himself surrounded by a wall of bayonets.

On the north, Francisco Villa has succeeded in getting the upper hand, mainly in the State of Chihuahua, and parts of Durango, Coahuila and Zacatecas, and as Villa has now taken the policy of expropriation and giving to the poor, the latter flock to his banner in large numbers.

In the southern State of Oaxaca and the central one of Mexico, Felix Diaz, the nephew of the old tyrant, Porfirio Diaz, is growing stronger. Young Diaz represents the old Diaz nefarious "Cientifico" party, and is backed by the millions of the exiled bourgeoisie and clergy, who provide the means to give arms to the thousands of workers who are deceived by his false promises of delivering the land to the people of Mexico.

In eleven southern and central States, covering an area equal to about one-fifth of the Republic, and inhabited by some three million people, Zapata, with his Agrarians and the Anarchist members of the Mexican Liberal Party, both working in conjunction, have succeeded in repulsing the Carranza soldiers and in obtaining a strong foothold. Their strength is due to the fact that in these regions the land, houses, tools, machinery, and all means of production and transportation are now the property of the people, and they are fighting to retain what they have forced from the hands of the masters. This movement of combined Agrarians and Anarchist Communists is spreading to other States of the center, east and west of Mexico.

Added to these already formidable antagonists of the Carranza *regime*—Villa, Diaz, Agrarians and Liberals—there is another not less important factor in this struggle: the independent "guerrillas." These "guerrillas," called

by the capitalist press "bands of bandits," are mainly real revolutionists, and are effective in keeping aflame the fire of the revolution, and holding in constant nervous strain all the new tyrants that try to climb into power. Thousands of these guerrillas, divided into small armies of two to three hundred men, roam over the country, constantly harassing the Carranza soldiers. Even his own men are deserting this tyrant to enlist in the different other factions or to become independent "guerrillas." Thus we find that Carranza's doom is unavoidable, and a matter of short duration, despite the staunch support of the moneyed interests in the United States.

The Mexican people are learning through long and cruel experience that freedom is never handed down from those on the higher steps of the social ladder. They have already learned that government is not instituted to protect the weak against the rapacity and tyranny of the strong. They have learned, too, that through peaceful means the emancipation of the proletariat shall never be accomplished. Through long centuries of brutal oppression and rank exploitation, they have learned the valuable lesson that the only way open to the workers to free themselves from the chattel slavery to which Authority, Capital and Church have subjected them, is to meet the violence of those above with the violence of those below, and that the guns of the master class must be answered by the guns of the slaves.

That is why Carranza's doom is at hand; that is why the Mexican people, determined to free the Land, have kept up for six long years the wonderful struggle known as the Mexican Revolution, despite the efforts of Wall Street; and that is why they shall finally reach their goal of implanting in the so-called Mexican Republic a New Social Order wherein all human beings, regardless of sex, race or color, shall be free, equal and brothers.

T PUNISH a man because we infer from the nature of some doctrine which he holds, or from the conduct of other persons who hold the same doctrines with him, that he will commit a crime, is *persecution*, and is, in every case, foolish and wicked.

—Macaulay, in
CONSTITUTIONAL HISTORY OF ENGLAND

Report of Social and Dance Given by Chicago Radicals

Workers' Institute Hall Given Free of Charge

Donations for refreshments to Lucy Robins as follows: Mrs. Sara Fox, \$5; Lucy Robins, \$1; I. Bloom, \$1; Liebman, \$1; Schoolman, \$1; Anna Livshitz, \$1; L. Percifal, \$1; A. Nedos, 50c; I. Jaffe, 50c; M. Toulser, 50c; Feifer, 50c; Musener, 50c; Morphas, 25c; Mrs. B. Schiff, \$2; B. Slader, \$1; Sivin, \$1; Gettler, \$1; Reitman, \$1; A. Tobinsson, \$1; S. Peck, \$1; Agursky, 50c; Davidson, \$1; Goldberg, 50c; A. Sigel, 50c; Marsol, 25c; Flora Finkler, \$1; C. V. Cook, \$1; Hyman, \$1; Fein, \$1; Sisman, \$1; C. Weisberg, \$1; Wolcott, \$1; Shulman, \$1; J. Burystein, 50c; Joe Goldman, \$1; Slotkin, 50c; Shorr, 25c; J. Fishman, \$1; Sopacov, 50c; Chessky, 50c. Total refreshments

donations	\$ 36.75
Collected through Workers' Institute	6.80
Profit from Social	170.11

\$213.66

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War: The Triumph of Barbarism

Guy de Maupassant

AT the mere mention of the word war I am seized with a sense of bewilderment, as though I heard of witchcraft, of the inquisition, of some far distant thing, ended long ago, abominable and monstrous, against all natural law.

When we talk of cannibals, we proudly smile and proclaim our superiority over those savages. Which are the savages, the true savages? Those who fight to eat the vanquished or those who fight to kill, only to kill?

The gallant little soldiers running about over there are as surely doomed to death as the flocks of sheep driven along the road by the butcher. They will fall on some plain, with their heads split open by sabre cuts or their chests riddled by bullets, and yet they are young men, who might work, produce something, be useful. Their fathers are old and poverty-stricken, their mothers, who during twenty years have loved them, adored them as only mothers can adore, may perchance hear in six months or a year that the son, the child, the big fellow, reared with so much care, at such an expense and with so much love, has been cast in a hole like a dead dog, after having been ripped open by a bullet and trampled, crushed, mangled by the rush of cavalry charges. Why have they killed her boy, her beautiful boy, her sole hope, her pride, her life? She cannot understand. Yes, indeed, why?

War! fighting! slaughtering! butchering men! And to think that now, in our own century, with all our civilization, with the expansion of science and the height of philosophy to which the human race is supposed to have attained, we should have schools in which we teach the art of killing, of killing from a distance, to perfection, numbers of people at the same time; poor devils, innocent men, fathers of families, men of untarnished reputation. The most astounding thing is that the people do not rise up against the governing power. What difference is there then between monarchies and republics? And what is more astounding still, why does society not rise up boldly in rebellion at the word "war"?

Ah! We shall ever continue to live borne down by the old and odious customs, the criminal prejudices, the ferocious ideas of our barbarous forefathers, for we are but animals, and we shall remain animals, led only by instinct, and that nothing will ever change.

Should we not have spurned any other than Victor Hugo, who should have launched forth the grand cry of deliverance and truth?

"Today might is called violence, and is beginning to be condemned; war is arraigned. Civilization, at the demand of all humanity, directs an inquiry and indicts the great criminal brief against conquerors and generals. The nations are beginning to understand that the aggrandizement of a crime can in no way lessen it: if to murder a great many does not create any extenuating circumstance, if robbery is a disgrace, invasion cannot be a glory. Ah! Let us proclaim the peremptory truth, let us dishonor war."

Idle anger, poetic indignation! War is more venerated than ever.

A clever artist in such matters, a slaughtering genius, Monsieur de Moltke, replied one day to some peace delegates in the following extraordinary words:

"War is holy and of divine institution; it is one of the sacred laws of nature; it keeps alive in men all the great and noble sentiments, honor, disinterestedness, virtue, courage; in one word, it prevents them from falling into the most hideous materialism."

Therefore to collect a herd of hundreds of thousands of men, to march day and night without respite, to think of nothing, study nothing, learn nothing, read nothing, be of no earthly use to

any one, rot with dirt, lie down in mire, live like brutes in a continual besotment, pillage towns, burn villages, ruin nations; then meeting another similar agglomeration of human flesh, rush upon it, shed lakes of blood, cover plains with pounded flesh mingled with muddy and bloody earth; pile up heaps of slain; have arms and legs blown off, brains scattered without benefit to any one, and perish at the corner of some field while your old parents, your wife and children are dying of hunger; this is what is called not falling into the most hideous materialism!

Warriors are the scourge of the earth. We struggle against nature and ignorance, against obstacles of all kinds, in order to lessen the hardships of our miserable existence. Men, benefactors, scholars wear out their lives toiling, seeking what may help, what may solace their brethren. Eager in their useful work, they pile up discovery on discovery, enlarging the human mind, extending science, adding something each day to the stock of human knowledge, to the welfare, the comfort, the strength of their country.

War is declared. In six months the generals have destroyed the efforts of twenty years' patience and genius. And this is what is called not falling into the most hideous materialism.

We have seen war. We have seen men maddened and gone back to their brute estate, killing for mere pleasure, killing out of terror, out of bravado, from sheer ostentation. Then, when right no longer exists, when all notion of justice has disappeared, we have seen ruthlessly shot down innocent beings who, picked up along the road, had become objects of suspicion simply because they were afraid. We have seen dogs as they lay chained up at their master's gate killed in order to try a new revolver; we have seen cows riddled with bullets as they lay in the fields, without reason, only to fire off guns, just for fun.

And this is what is called not falling into the most hideous materialism. To invade a country, to kill the man who defends his home on the plea that he wears a smock and has no forage cap on his head, to burn down the houses of the poor creatures who are without bread, to break, to steal furniture, drink the wine found in the cellars, violate the women found in the streets, consume thousands of francs' worth of powder and leave behind misery and cholera.

This is what is called not falling into the most hideous materialism.

What have they ever done to show their intelligence, these valiant warriors? Nothing. What have they invented? Guns and cannons. That is all.

The inventor of the wheelbarrow, has he not done more for humanity by the simple and practical idea of fitting a wheel between two poles than the inventor of modern fortifications?

What remains of Greece? Books and marbles. Is she great by what she conquered or by what she produced? Was it the invasion of the Persians that prevented her from falling into the most hideous materialism? Was it the invasion of the barbarians that saved Rome and regenerated her?

Did Napoleon the First continue the great intellectual movement begun by the philosophers at the end of the last century?

Well, yes, since governments assume the right of death over the people, there is nothing astonishing in the people sometimes assuming the right of death over governments.

They defend themselves. They are right.

Reflections of An Old Agitator

Wendell Phillips

THE difficulty of the present day and with us is, we are bullied by institutions. A man gets up in the pulpit or sits on the bench, and we allow ourselves to be bullied by the judge or the clergyman, when, if he stood side by side with us on the brick pavement as an individual, his ideas would not have disturbed our clear thoughts an hour.

Stand on the pedestal of your own individual independence. Summon those institutions before you, and judge them.

Our Funny Column

Wouldn't it be funny to see the great corporations arm their army of workmen, train them as a military force and issue ammunition to them? Why don't they? Why organize a Militia in which Labor has no part?

Honest, whom had the men in the trenches better be fighting? Each other? Or each turn round and fight their masters—or, rather, the system which makes masters? Wonder if those who are left will see it.

If only Labor had great warehouses of food and clothing, they would be stronger in conflicts with Capital. But they have. Every warehouse is filled by Labor. And the earth is theirs, if only they would unite to a man.

Isn't it funny, this aristocracy of Labor?

Labor will have no real strength till the man with the pick is the full brother of the man at the throttle.

There is only one lesson for Labor to learn—not Politics, but Solidarity.

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